

THE BLACK DAHLIA

HOLLYWOOD SATANIC
CULT RITUAL KILLING



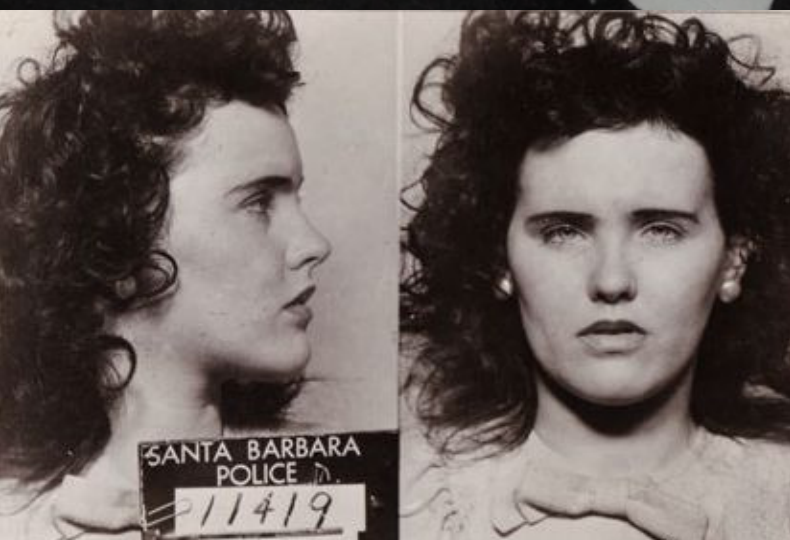
-Judaean-Masonic Cult Hollywood Ch.

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Elizabeth Short arrest photo from 1943 for underage drinking

In the last few years we see that the game "LA NOIRE" made the Dahlia case part of it's story, still using the same propaganda that it was only ONE person who perpetrated the killing, when in fact this was just another judaeo-masonic kabbalistic CULT or group killing, it was a satanic ritual involving famous and unknown hollywood and other people. It's motive was to scare the populous into submission, stress and tension control, as well as revealing the true nature of not only hollywood but it's satanic cult state owners. This is the judaeo-masonic NWO elite satanic god-state which has been pushed by both pharisees and people like HEGEL, Marx, Locke and others. The judaeo-masonic pagan antichrist state considers itself as god in all things and most people go along with it.

Thus far on this journey, we have seen how what are arguably the two most bloody and notorious mass murders in the history of the City of Angels – the Manson Family murders of the occupants of the home on Cielo Drive in Benedict Canyon, and the so-called Four-On-The-Floor bludgeoning murders of four Laurel Canyon drug dealers on Wonderland Avenue – were directly connected to the Laurel Canyon music scene.

But the city of Los Angeles can boast of one other particularly notorious murder, which stands to this day as both the most gruesome single-victim murder and the most famous unsolved murder in the city's history.

On January 15, 1947, the mutilated body of aspiring actress Elizabeth Short was found posed in a field. The ritualistically butchered body was nude, sliced cleanly in half, and completely drained of blood. Parts of the body had been removed, after which the corpse had been thoroughly sanitized. Bruising clearly indicated that the young girl had been savagely beaten. Forensic evidence suggested that she had been forced to eat feces during her tortuous ordeal. She was quickly dubbed the 'Black Dahlia,' and it is by that name that she is known and written about today.

Much of what has been written about the brief life of Ms. Short is contradictory. Among the facts that seem to be agreed upon is that she had recently worked at a military facility that is now known as Vandenberg Air Force Base, and that she had some kind of close connection to a US Naval hospital in San Diego, where she may have also worked. That is, in any event, what she had indicated in a letter to her mother.

This murder occurred some twenty years before Laurel Canyon's glory days. It would seem rather foolish then to suggest that all three of Los Angeles' most notorious murder cases were connected to the peace-and-love scene flowering in Laurel Canyon in the 1960s and 1970s.

But that is, nevertheless, exactly what I am going to do. It is, admittedly, an indirect connection, and, since the case remains officially unsolved, it is a tentative one as well, but it is a connection nonetheless.

For those who are unfamiliar with the Black Dahlia murder, or who have only read about the case and never actually seen the brutality inflicted upon Ms. Short, please be advised that you are about to see for yourself just how barbaric this crime was. The images are absolutely horrifying – but that is, unfortunately, what elite ritualized crime looks like. You have been warned.

“John [Phillips] was the ultimate controller.” Mamas and the Papas producer/manager Lou Adler

“She was practically his slave.” Michelle Phillips, describing John’s third wife, Genevieve Waite

Our story begins on August 30, 1935, with the birth of John Edmund Andrew Phillips to parents Claude and Edna Phillips. Claude was a retired Marine Corps officer and engineer. His father, John Andrew Phillips, a prominent architect, one day “mysteriously fell to his death” on a construction site, according to John Phillips’ autobiography, Papa John. That kind of thing tends to happen to family members of people associated with Laurel Canyon.

John’s mother, Edna, had what most folks would consider a rather unconventional upbringing. Her mother was a psychic/faith healer, and many of her eleven siblings were well known locally as gunfighters and bandits. When Edna was just a year old, she was – and I am neither making this up nor stealing it from the plot of some hack Hollywood film – purportedly kidnapped by Gypsies! Her father allegedly found her a year later down in Mexico. How he would have done so remains something of a mystery (though I’m guessing that maybe he had some help from Albert DeSalvo’s mother, who supposedly likewise tracked down young Albert after his father had sold him to a farmer as a slave; have I mentioned lately, by the way, that to fully understand the Laurel Canyon story, you really need to read Programmed to Kill?).

Edna was just fifteen when she met and began a relationship with Claude Phillips, who according to legend had supposedly won an Oklahoma bar from a fellow serviceman in a poker game on the way home from France at the close of World War II – which seems about as credible as various other aspects of Phillips family history, as told by John. By eighteen, Edna had given birth to the couple’s first child, Rosie Phillips, born on New Year’s Eve, 1922.

Rosie would later become a career employee of the Pentagon, where John’s first wife, the daughter of an intelligence operative, would also find work. Years later, according to John, Rosie’s daughter Patty would be “found dead of an overdose in a girlfriend’s apartment in North Hollywood ... There were mysterious questions surrounding her death.” As I just noted a few paragraphs back, that kind of thing tends to happen.



Lloyd Wright Mayan Revival House

In the late 1920s, Claude Phillips was commissioned to Haiti, where he remained for four years. He was then sent back to Quantico, then shipped off to Managua, Nicaragua, before finally returning to Alexandria, Virginia, where John Phillips, who would grow up to become arguably the most important music figure in the canyon, grew up and went to school.

John attended a series of strict Catholic and military schools and served as an altar boy. According to his own account though, he also had a darker side, which included forays into vandalism, auto theft, breaking and entering, fighting, and other assorted mischief. His mother, meanwhile, routinely cruised for men – when not spending time with a US Army Colonel named George Lacy. John would later be told that his real father was a US Marine Corps doctor named Roland Meeks, who died in a Japanese POW camp during WWII.

Phillips played basketball at George Washington High School, from where he graduated in 1953. He then scored an appointment to Annapolis Naval Academy, but soon dropped out. One of his first paying jobs was working on a fishing charter boat. As John later recalled it, the crew consisted of him, a retired Navy officer, and four retired Army generals. Seems like a perfect fit for one of the future guiding lights of the hippie movement. Phillips also, for a brief time, tried his hand at selling cemetery plots.

As previously noted, John's first wife was the aristocratic Susie Adams, descendent of President John Adams and occasional practitioner of voodoo. Their first son, Jeffrey, was born on Friday the 13th in December of 1957. Shortly after that, John found himself in, of all

places, Havana, Cuba, just as it was about to fall to the revolutionary forces of Fidel Castro. According to Phillips, he and his traveling companions “were once whisked off the street by a director, straight into a TV studio to appear on a live Havana variety show.”

Many of you, I’m sure, have had a similar experience.



Some months later, in late 1958, Phillips flew to Los Angeles and began performing on amateur nights at Pandora’s Box on the legendary Sunset Strip. His first band, The Journeymen, featured Phillips, Scott McKenzie and Dick Weismann. It was while touring with this formation that John Phillips met a very young Holly Michelle Gilliam.

Michelle was born November 10, 1944 in Long Beach, California, to a father variously described as a merchant mariner, a movie production assistant, and a self-taught intellectual. When Michelle’s mother, a Baptist minister’s daughter, reportedly died of a brain aneurysm when Michelle was just five, Gardner “Gil” Gilliam took his daughters and promptly relocated to Mexico, ostensibly to attend college on the GI Bill. They remained there for several years. Upon their return to Southern California, Gil found work as an LA County probation officer. According to John, Gil’s work “often required him to go out of town,” though one would think that that would make it rather difficult for him to keep tabs on his charges.

In 1958, while future-husband John was vacationing in war-torn Cuba, Michelle found a new mother-figure in twenty-three-year-old Tamar Hodel. Tamar’s father, Dr. George Hodel, was described by Vanity Fair in December 2007 as “the most pathologically decadent man in Los Angeles” and “the city’s venereal-disease czar and a fixture in it’s A-list demimonde.” Also noted in the article was that “George Hodel shared with Man Ray a love for the work of the Marquis de Sade and the belief that the pursuit of personal liberty was worth everything.” In other words, Hodel embraced that all-purpose Luciferian creed, “Do what thou wilt.”

Tamar and her siblings had “grown up in her father’s Hollywood house, which resembled a Mayan temple, was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright’s son, and was the site of wild parties, in which Hodel was sometimes joined by director John Huston and photographer Man Ray.” The luxurious home (pictured here as it looks today) reportedly features, among other amenities, a subterranean walk-in vault, which is always a nice thing to have around.



Within the walls of that singularly odd Hollywood Hills home, which lies about three miles due east of the mouth of Laurel Canyon, Tamar talks of how she “often ‘uncomfortably’ posed nude ... for ‘dirty-old-man’ Man Ray and had once wriggled free from a predatory John Huston.” Her own father, not so shockingly, “had committed incest with her. ‘When I was 11, my father taught me to perform oral sex on him.’” Her father also “plied her with erotic books, grooming her for what he touted as their transcendent union,” and freely shared her with his wealthy and influential friends.



Dr. George Hodel

“To the girl’s horror, she became pregnant” at the tender age of fourteen – with her father’s child. “To her greater horror, she says, ‘my father wanted me to have his baby.’” A friend, nevertheless, took her to get an abortion. Dr. George was so incensed that, according to Tamar, he “struck her on the head with his pistol,” prompting her step-mother (who also happened to be John Huston’s ex-wife) to assist her in going into hiding.

Dr. George Hodel was arrested and charged with, among other things, offering his young daughter to several friends at an orgy. The sensational 1949 incest trial featured a witness who took the stand to describe being hypnotized by Hodel at a party; she also claimed that she had witnessed him attempt to hypnotize other young women.

Allegations that the rich and powerful were dabbling in incest, hypnotism/mind control, pedophilic orgies, and Luciferian philosophies must surely have been shocking to Angelenos in the 1940s, as they would still be to most Americans today, but to these jaded eyes and ears, it just sounds like business as usual. Also sounding like business as usual is that Tamar was roundly vilified by both the press and the defense team (led by Jerry Giesler), and Dr. George Hodel was acquitted.



Far more shocking even than all of that is the then-unknown fact that, even while Hodel was standing trial on the sensational charges, he was, and still is today, a prime suspect in the Black Dahlia murder case! There have been, of course, numerous suspects identified in the case, including actor/director Orson Welles. But George Hodel does seem to be a much more likely suspect than most of those who have been identified. And his possible guilt, needless to say, does not exclude others from likely complicity as well. The mistake that virtually all investigators of this case have made is assuming that there is only one culprit.

The most likely scenario is that Hodel committed the crime in conjunction with various others in his pedophilic, Luciferian social circle. Man Ray, for example, is a compelling suspect, given that the posing of Ms. Short's body appears to mimic The Minotaur, one of his better-known photographs. Man Ray, by the way, was something of the Robert Mapplethorpe of his era – the same Robert Mapplethorpe, it should be noted, whom investigative journalist Maury Terry has similarly linked to the Son of Sam case and various other ritualized murders (for more on George Hodel, Man Ray and the Black Dahlia murder, see *Black Dahlia Avenger* by Steve Hodel [George's son and a former LAPD homicide detective] and *Exquisite Corpse* by Mark Nelson and Sarah Hudson Bayliss).



Minotaur: Man Ray

How it is that the fourteen-year-old daughter of a lowly probation officer fell into the orbit of the daughter of the wealthy and influential George Hodel (Hodel's former home is currently valued at \$4.2 million) has never been explained, but Tamar, described by Michelle as "the epitome of glamour," quickly took the youngster under her wing, buying her clothes, enrolling her in modeling school, teaching her to drive, and providing her with a fake ID and a steady stream of prescription drugs – obtained, one would presume, from her father.

According to Michelle, "Tamar put on perfect airs around my dad and when it became necessary she would sleep with him." Whatever works, I guess. That perhaps explains why, in early 1961, Gil didn't have a problem with allowing his underage daughter to move to San Francisco with the daughter of a violent pedophile. Soon enough, Tamar found herself in a relationship with Journeyman Scott McKenzie, and bandmate John Phillips began coming by Tamar and Michelle's room on a nightly basis.

It wasn't long before Michelle, still just seventeen, was romantically involved with twenty-six-year-old Phillips, despite the fact that John was still married to Adams, with whom he by then had two children, Laura MacKenzie Phillips having been born on November 10, 1959 in Alexandria. Father Gil, who had himself recently taken a sixteen-year-old bride (one of a string of six wives), still wasn't concerned. And it's probably safe to assume that Phillip's father, who had pursued his bride when she was just fifteen, wouldn't have been too concerned either.

In October 1962, a year or so after meeting Michelle, John curiously found himself in Jacksonville, Florida (alongside Naval Air Station Jacksonville and Naval Station Mayport) for “two weeks of rest and rehearsal” during the Cuban Missile Crisis. For a guy who “never felt comfortable with political advocacy,” John seems to have had a keen interest in Cuban affairs. Two months later, on New Years Eve 1962, Holly Michelle Gilliam became John Phillip’s second wife. She also joined his reconfigured band, as did Canadian Denny Doherty, who had formerly been with the Mugwumps alongside Cass Elliot. This new lineup was dubbed the New Journeymen.



The newly-formed trio promptly embarked on a curious Caribbean adventure, arriving first at St. Johns, where John has claimed that they “snorkeled on acid” for several weeks. They next ferried over to St. Thomas, where they set up camp at a dive beachfront boardinghouse known as Duffy’s. Soon enough, Ellen Naomi Cohen, better known as Cass Elliot, showed up with John’s nephew, who was a childhood friend of hers. Cass had been born in Baltimore but had grown up in Alexandria, where, like Phillips, she had attended George Washington High School.

As the legend goes, Cass waited tables at the dive while the trio performed folk songs. What they were really doing there remains something of a mystery, though in Papa John, Phillips did drop a clue: “The town was crawling with drunken Marines and sailors on their way home from Vietnam.”

Moving on from the boardinghouse, the group next took over an unfinished home on Creeque Alley, where, according to John, they were known as “the island’s open house and everyone was welcome to our commune.” At some point though the governor supposedly ordered them

off the island “because he thought his nephew was doing drugs with the crazies at Creeque Alley.” The band had formalized its new lineup of John Phillips, Michelle Phillips, Denny Doherty and Cass Elliot, and they had a whole album’s worth of material written. That first album would feature such enduring classics as California Dreamin’, Monday, Monday, and Go Where You Wanna Go. On none of the bands subsequent albums would they produce anywhere near the level of songwriting that they were allegedly able to achieve on that Caribbean adventure.

Though isolated on that Caribbean island, the songs the group brought back to LA with them just happened to be of the soon-to-emerge folk-rock variety. In Papa John, Phillips quotes Doherty as saying that everyone was “evolving toward the same sound at the same time without really communicating with each other about it.” It was, I suppose, just the way things were fated to be – or it could be that everyone was following the same script, written by unseen others.

Before helping to spearhead the folk-rock movement though, the quartet first had to get off the island, which Phillips presents as a high-risk venture: “We tried to get off the island quietly. We split in groups at the airport to look inconspicuous ... We went at night so there wouldn’t be any credit checks done on me.”



Within a month of arriving in LA, the band had a producer/manager (Lou Adler, a Jewish kid who had grown up in a tough, Hispanic section of East LA) and a record deal, and John and Michelle were at home in a comfortable house on Lookout Mountain in Laurel Canyon. They would soon be able to afford to purchase Jeanette McDonald’s former Bel Air mansion at 783 Bel Air Road, which featured “hand-carved wooden gargoyles” and “a walk-in vault beneath the house,” which, as I already mentioned, is a very handy feature. Sitting on five acres, the

lavish home, with five Rolls Royces in the driveway, was the site of virtually nonstop partying.

The new lineup, of course, needed a name, and John pushed hard for the occult-based Magic Cyrcle, which the band was briefly known as before ultimately settling on The Mamas and the Papas. There would be other indications as well that Phillips had a keen interest in the occult. He would later, for example, start his own label and call it Warlock Records. And his third wife, Genevieve Waite, was an avid follower of Aleister Crowley.

The Mamas and the Papas proved to be a rather short-lived band, recording and performing just from 1965 to 1968 (with a brief reunion in 1971 to satisfy contractual obligations to their record company). During that time, the band produced five albums and eleven top 40 singles. To date, the lineup has sold nearly 100,000,000 albums.

The first single, released in 1965, was Go Where You Wanna Go, which failed to chart. Their next release, California Dreamin', shot up to #4. Their freshman album, If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears, released in early 1966, rose to the very top of the charts, their only album to do so. Their only #1 single, Monday, Monday, followed the release of the album. It was all downhill from there.



While recording their second album in June 1966, Michelle was discharged from the band due to the fact that she was having an affair with Denny Doherty, which was causing severe friction in the group. By August, she was back, though that didn't prevent the group's second album from performing rather poorly. The third, recorded in 1967 and ironically entitled Deliver, failed to live up to its name. Then in June of that year, The Mamas and the Papas delivered a closing set at the Monterey Pop Festival that almost everyone agrees sucked ass.

It wasn't hard though for the band to score that coveted closing slot, given that Phillips had played a key role in organizing the event. Monterey proved to be, according to Barney

Hoskyns, the “moment when the underground went mainstream.” As Rolling Stone noted in its Fortieth Anniversary Edition, “The plan for a new kind of festival was spearheaded by John Phillips, the leader of the Mamas and the Papas, and Lou Adler, an influential producer and the band’s manager.” Also noted was that the “road to Monterey began with Alan Pariser, a young heir to a paper-manufacturing fortune,” just as the road to Woodstock began with John Roberts, a young heir to a pharmaceutical manufacturing fortune, but that’s another story entirely.

Two months after Monterey, the band made their final television appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show. Two months after that, the quartet headed off to Europe while recording their fourth album, *The Papas and the Mamas*. That album’s first single was the Laurel Canyon-inspired 12:30 (Young Girls are Coming to the Canyon). Shortly thereafter, the band broke up. John tried his hand at a solo career with the wildly unsuccessful result being the release of *The Wolf King of LA*. To satisfy record label demands, the group briefly reformed for their fourth album, *People Like Us*.

Following that unsuccessful venture, the band once again dissolved.

“This is going to break your heart, but much of the music you heard in the ‘60s and early ‘70s wasn’t recorded by the people you saw on the album covers. It was done by me and the musicians you see on these walls ... Many of these kids didn’t have the chops and were little more than garage bands ... At concerts, people hear with their eyes. Teens cut groups slack in concert, but not when they bought their records.” Hal Blaine, longtime drummer for the Wrecking Crew, quoted in the Wall Street Journal on March 23, 2011

Before moving ahead with the John Phillips saga, I first need to pose an extremely important question to all my readers: is anyone out there in the market for a slightly used, covert film studio? If so, then all you need do is pull about \$6.2 million out of your penny jar (though in today’s housing market, you might be able to cut a better deal) and Lookout Mountain Laboratory can be yours! And if you act fast, you might be able to get a package deal on the lab and the Hodel house! (the photos in this post are of the lab as it looks today as a converted residential dwelling).



Lookout Mountain Laboratory

Another item worth noting: as reported by the San Francisco Chronicle on January 28, 2011, “Ron Patterson, the flamboyant, free-spirited creator of the Renaissance and Dickens fairs, died Jan. 15 at a friend’s house in Sausalito after an illness. He was 80.” As staff writer Carolyn Jones noted, Patterson’s creation “was sort of a medieval precursor to Burning Man.” And Burning Man is, of course, a rather explicitly occult ritual first performed on the Summer Solstice of 1986 and now performed every summer in Nevada’s Black Rock Desert before an audience of 50,000+.



Ron Patterson, Photo: Raymond Van Tassel, via Red Barn Productions

What does any of that though have to do with Laurel Canyon? As we have seen so many times before, all roads on the Conspiracy Superhighway seem to lead to Laurel Canyon: “In the beginning, the Renaissance Faire was an experiment in Mr. Patterson’s backyard. In the early 1960s, Mr. Patterson and his wife, Phyllis, who were both interested in theater and art, began hosting children’s improvisational theater workshops at their Laurel Canyon (Los Angeles County) home.”

One naturally wonders whether aspiring thespian and golden child Godo Paulekas (originally cast, it will be recalled, to play Satan in Kenneth Anger’s *Lucifer Rising*) was involved in those workshops. In any event, there is certainly nothing creepy about children’s workshops being hosted in a small, tight-knit community that was home to more than its fair share of pedophiles, so let’s just move along.

One last item of note, this one from, of all places, the pages of *Sports Illustrated* circa June 29, 1981. The following excerpt is from a short piece written by publisher Philip Howlett to introduce readers to writer Bjarne Rostaing: “Born in Lincoln, N.Y., Rostaing grew up in various places in Connecticut, where he attended what he recalls as an even dozen schools. ‘I got my B.A. and master’s in English from the University of Connecticut,’ he says. ‘Then I did part of a Ph.D. at the University of Washington before going into the Army Intelligence Corps in 1959. We had Paul Rothchild, who later became producer for The Doors and Janis Joplin, to give you some idea of what the unit was like.’”

I’m guessing that it was like countless other intelligence units designed to churn out shapers of public opinion, whether actors, novelists, newsmen, or, in this case, sportswriters and producers of popular music. It is quite shocking, of course, to learn that the handler of two of Laurel Canyon’s most influential and groundbreaking bands (Love and the Doors) had an intel background. Apparently the search is still on for anyone of any prominence in the Laurel Canyon scene who didn’t have direct connections to the intelligence community.

Anyway ... during the heyday of the Mamas and the Papas, John and Michelle Phillips knew, and regularly played host to, virtually everyone of importance in the canyons. In addition to all the singers and musicians living in Laurel Canyon, the power couple’s circle of friends included Warren Beatty, Peter and Jane Fonda, Jack Nicholson, Terry Melcher and girlfriend Candace Bergen, Marlon Brando, Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate, Abigail Folger and Voytek Frykowski, soon-to-be-dead gossip columnist Steve Brandt, Larry Hagman, presidential brother-in-law Peter Lawford (fresh from his probable involvement in the murder of Marilyn Monroe), Dennis Hopper, Ryan O’Neal, Mia “Rosemary’s Baby” Farrow, ethereal Freemason Peter Sellers, and Zsa Zsa Gabor.

And a short, scraggly singer/songwriter by the name of Charlie Manson.



Lookout Mountain Laboratory

There were, to be sure, numerous ties between John Phillips, the ‘Wolf King of LA,’ and Charles Manson. And ties as well between bandmate Cass Elliott and Manson. And between Philips and Cass and the Cielo Drive victims. John Phillips, for example, had invested \$10,000 in Jay Sebring’s business venture, Sebring International (rumored to have been a front for various illegal activities, including drug trafficking). Michelle Phillips had a brief affair with Roman Polanski in London while Polanski was married to the soon-to-be-dead Sharon Tate (during that same sojourn to London, Tate was reportedly initiated into the practice of witchcraft).

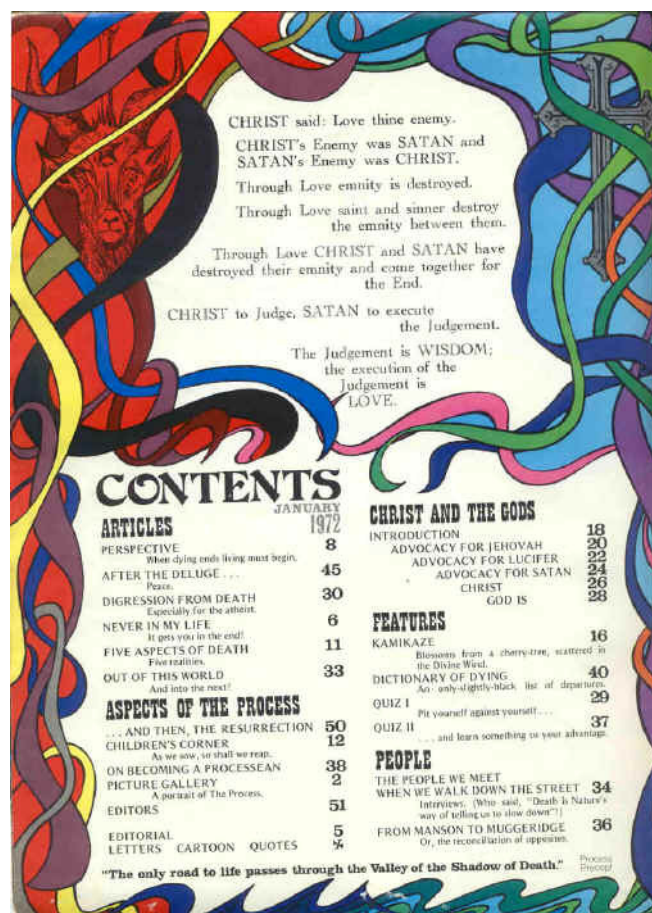
Mama Cass, as previously noted, lived across the street from the house occupied by Folger and Frykowski at 2774 Woodstock Road. Both homes were frequently visited by known drug dealers. Regulars at Cass’s home included Pic Dawson (also a regular at the Frykowski/Folger home and at the Tate/Polanski home), the son of a US State Department official who, according to John Phillips, was suspected by authorities “of using diplomatic pouches to move drugs between countries,” and Billy Doyle, a local dealer who was infamously filmed while being flogged at the Tate/Polanski house just three days before the murders (according to Dennis Hopper). Another regular was Bill Mentzer, later convicted of the brutal murder of Cotton Club producer Roy Radin and labeled ‘Manson II’ by journalist Maury Terry. The LAPD once described Mentzer as a member of “some kind of hit squad.”

So dark was the scene at the home of the ‘Lady of the Canyon’ that, according to Terry, four of the LAPD’s initial prime suspects in the Tate killings were drug dealers associated with Elliott. And yet, curiously enough, all of the canyon’s peace-and-love spewing musicians were regulars at Mama Cass’s home as well. As Rolling Stone noted in its Fortieth Anniversary Edition, “‘Mama’ Cass Elliott’s cozy canyon house functioned as a sort of rock salon.” In a similar vein, Barney Hoskyns wrote in *Hotel California* that “Cass kept

permanent open house.”

Also noted in Hoskyn’s tome was that the Laurel Canyon scene “all spun around him and Cass,” with the “him” in this case being David Van Cortlandt Crosby, who, like Cass, had an insatiable appetite (by his own account) for potent pain killers like Demerol, Dilaudid and Percodan. Crosby was one of many Canyonites who regularly dropped by Cass’s place to hang out and engage in impromptu jam sessions, and to mingle with some seriously disreputable characters.

Also a regular at Cass’s place, by some reports, was Charlie Manson himself. According to Ed Sanders, it was at Cass’s home that Charlie first met her neighbor, coffee heiress Abigail Folger (who helped finance Kenneth Anger’s films, like the one that was supposed to star Godo Paulekas but instead starred Mansonite Bobby Beausoleil). According to Terry, the rather notorious group known as The Process: Church of the Final Judgment – which evidence suggests had deep ties to the Manson, Son of Sam, and Cotton Club murders – actively sought to recruit Mama Cass, as well as John Phillips and Terry Melcher.



CHRIST said: Love thine enemy.
CHRIST's Enemy was SATAN and
SATAN's Enemy was CHRIST.
Through Love enmity is destroyed.
Through Love saint and sinner destroy
the enmity between them.
Through Love CHRIST and SATAN have
destroyed their enmity and come together for
the End.
CHRIST to Judge, SATAN to execute
the Judgement.
The Judgement is WISDOM;
the execution of the
Judgement is
LOVE.

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"The only road to life passes through the Valley of the Shadow of Death."

Process
Process

The Process, Church of the Final Judgment's magazine: Death Issue

A few further bits of Mansonalia: Terry has written that the Family’s iconic bus was seen parked at the home of John and Michelle Phillips in the fall of 1968. Reports also hold that Manson attended a New Year’s Eve party at the couple’s home on December 31, 1968, just months before the murders. So close were the ties between the Mamas and the Papas and the Manson clan that both John Phillips and Mama Cass were slated to appear as witnesses for the defense at the Family’s trial, though not surprisingly, neither was ever called.

For a band that sang about being “safe and warm, if I was in LA,” the members of the Mamas

and the Papas kept some pretty dangerous company in the city of angels ... which reminds me that, not long after the band hit the charts, Tamar Hodel received a postcard from Michelle Phillips asking her to watch their scheduled performance on the Ed Sullivan Show and then meet the group at San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel before a scheduled concert. Tamar showed up with father George at her side, the two apparently still maintaining a close relationship, and Tamar, George, John, Michelle, Denny and Cass embarked on a drug-fueled pre-show odyssey.

By 1970, John and Michelle had divorced. Many years later, Michelle would reveal that their time together had included at least one episode of domestic violence, one that she was still reluctant to discuss: "It was serious. I ended up in the hospital. That's all I'll say about it." The union had yielded John a second daughter, Gilliam Chynna Phillips, born February 12, 1968 in Los Angeles.

On January 31, 1972, John Phillips married for the third time, to actress and Crowley aficionado Genevieve Waite; on the wedding guest list were soon-to-be-governor Jerry Brown and soon-to-be-lieutenant-governor Mike Curb. The couple's time together would be marked by wildly out-of-control drug consumption and the birth of two more offspring: Tamerlane, whose name is presumably in part an homage to Tamar Hodel, and Bijou Lilly, who was taken away and placed in foster care in Bolton Landing, New York after her drug-addled parents were deemed unfit to raise her.

In June 1972, shortly after marrying Waite, Phillips moved into a canyon home at 414 St. Pierre Road that had been built by William Randolph Hearst. The Rolling Stones had just vacated the property, and their trusty sidekick, Gram Parsons, would grow very close to John Phillips. Parsons, of course, would soon turn up dead, while John would head off to London, where he reportedly planned to record a solo album with assistance from Mick Jagger and Keith Richards. That project never got off the ground, however, as Phillip's addictions rendered him impossible to work with, even for a world-class drug abuser like Richards.



Lookout Mountain Laboratory

Cass Elliott turned up in London the very next year, but unlike her former bandmate, her trip abroad was to be one-way; on July 29, 1974, she was found dead in occasional Canyonite Harry Nilsson's London flat. Ms Elliott, it seems safe to say, knew a little too much about the dark side of Laurel Canyon.

Following the dissolution of the Mamas and the Papas, Cass had gone on to a successful solo career and had become a familiar face on American television screens. In addition to hosting two prime-time network specials, she had guest-hosted the Tonight Show and had appeared on such popular early-1970s shows as The Red Skelton Show and Love, American Style.

She had been married twice, first in 1963 to vocalist Jim Hendricks in what was reportedly a platonic arrangement aimed at getting Hendricks a draft deferment. During that first marriage, which was annulled in 1968, Cass had given birth to a daughter, Owen Vanessa Elliott, born on April 26, 1967. Hendricks, however, was reportedly not the father and Cass steadfastly refused to reveal who Owen's true father was. In 1971, following the breakup of the band, Cass married again, this time to Baron Donald von Weidenman, a wealthy Bavarian heir. That marriage collapsed after just a few months though and Cass was single when she died just a few years later. Owen, already fatherless, was just seven.

Denny Doherty, meanwhile, went on to host a popular variety show in Canada, as well as performing in various formations of the New Mamas and the Papas. He passed away on January 19, 2007, reportedly due to kidney failure.

Michelle Phillips released an unsuccessful solo album, but then switched gears and went on to a successful acting career, gracing the small screen in such hit shows as Knot's Landing, Hotel, and Beverly Hills, 90210. She continued to have numerous flings and has married

several more times. At sixty-seven, she is the only living member of the original Mamas and the Papas.



Lookout Mountain Laboratory

Returning now to John Phillips, in 1975 he sobered up enough to put together the soundtrack for the film *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, a surreal venture featuring the talents of fledgling actor David Bowie and director Nicholas Roeg, who had previously collaborated with Crowleyite Donald Cammell on the heavily occult-influenced *Performance*. Roeg's film, curiously enough, includes a cameo appearance by Apollo astronaut Jim Lovell. At that same time, Phillips was working on completing a horrifically bad, Andy Warhol-produced musical entitled *Man on the Moon*, which closed just two days after opening.

As a side note, Phillips at one time had Don "Miami Vice" Johnson in mind to play the lead in his space opera. Like the rest of the Hollywood notables in this story, Johnson was a canyon dweller at the time. His next-door neighbor was a guy by the name of Chuck Wein, an avid occultist and buddy of Warhol who, in addition to managing bizarre nightclub acts, directed the 1972 new age documentary *Rainbow Bridge*, filmed less than two months before star Jimi Hendrix turned up dead. Wein shared a curious nickname with fellow Canyonite Charlie Manson: 'The Wizard.' But I may have drifted a little off-topic here ...

Some of you may have noticed, by the way, that I am all but cured of my former addiction to the word 'digress,' thanks to a twelve-step program I've been working my way through. I can now veer off on wild tangents having little to do with the main topic of discussion – like filling you in, for example, on nonexistent twelve-step programs – and not feel the slightest compulsion to point out the temporary loss of focus.

Anyway ... for the remainder of his career, Phillips' musical output consisted primarily of

occasionally writing songs for and with others, his most well known contribution being his co-writing duties on the wretchedly awful Kokomo, recorded by the Beach Boys.

In 1981, Phillips found himself facing charges of trafficking large volumes of narcotics. By his own account, he had an arrangement with a pharmacy that allowed him to obtain large amounts of narcotics without prescriptions (daughter Bijou would later say that he had actually purchased the pharmacy, guaranteeing virtually unlimited access). The charges were quite serious; in Phillip's own words, he "was looking at forty-five years and got thirty days." He began serving his sentence, appropriately enough, on April 20, and he was released just three-and-a-half weeks later.



He should have gotten at least ninety days just for Kokomo. It never hurts to have friends in high places.

Phillip's circle of friends, in the post-Mamas and Papas years, included J. Paul Getty, Jr., Bobby Kennedy, Jr., and Princess Margaret. Getty and Kennedy, both plagued by demons of their own, were likely being supplied by Phillips. Another name in Phillips' rolodex was Colin Tennant, the wealthy heir of a massive petrochemical conglomerate in the UK. Tennant owned a private island in the British West Indies where wealthy friends like John Phillips and Mick and Bianca Jagger could engage in unknown activities in complete seclusion.

Upon being released from his preposterously short period of confinement, Phillips put together a version of the Mamas and the Papas that included daughter Mackenzie Phillips and original lead vocalist Denny Doherty. Scott McKenzie, who had summoned all the runaways across the country to come to San Francisco with flowers in their hair, later replaced Doherty. Laurie Beebe subsequently replaced Mackenzie Phillips, after which Doherty returned one again to replace John Phillips. The band finally called it quits in 1994.

Phillips had divorced Waite in 1985. In 1992, he received a liver transplant and a new lease

on life. Just months later, he was photographed drinking in a bar in Palm Springs. In 1998, Phillips and the other surviving members of the Mamas and the Papas were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. Three years later, on March 18, 2001, Phillips died of heart failure. The saga wasn't quite over, however; Phillips' daughters would carry on with the family tradition – while spilling some dark family secrets along the way.



Oldest daughter Mackenzie began her acting career at the tender age of twelve when she landed a role in what was to be George Lucas' breakthrough film, *American Graffiti*. Just a few years before, it will be recalled, Lucas had been an unknown cameraman at the Rolling Stones' notorious Altamont concert. During filming of *Graffiti* in 1972, John Phillips, who I'm sure had lots of important business to attend to and therefore little time to look after his daughter, signed over legal guardianship of Mackenzie to producer Gary Kurtz.

A few years later, in 1975, Mackenzie landed a role on what would quickly become a hit television series, *One Day at a Time*. During the third season, however, Mackenzie was arrested for public drunkenness and cocaine possession, after which her substance abuse problems continued to spiral out of control, causing frequent problems and considerable tension on the set of her hit show. Providing a template for Charlie Sheen to later follow, she was fired from the production in 1980.

After two nearly fatal overdoses, she was invited back by producers in 1981. The following year though she collapsed on the set and was once again fired. What had once seemed a very promising acting career was over as quickly as it had begun.

From the late 1980s through the early 1990s, she performed intermittently with the reformed Mamas and Papas. In 1992, she reportedly entered a long-term rehab program that she didn't emerge from for nine months. Following that, she kept a low profile for many years. In August 2008, however, she was arrested at LAX for heroin and cocaine possession and on Halloween day 2008, she entered a guilty plea and was once again sent to rehab.

A year later, in September 2009, Mackenzie released her tell-all memoir, *High on Arrival*, which painted a dark and disturbing picture of her late father. In addition to introducing her to drugs at the age of eleven by injecting her with cocaine, Mackenzie claimed that Papa John had raped her on the eve of her first marriage, and had engaged in an incestuous affair with her that spanned a decade and ended only when she became pregnant and did not know who the father was – a scenario, it should be noted, with remarkable parallels to the ordeal endured by Michelle's surrogate mother, Tamar Hodel.

John Phillips' memoir covering the time period in question makes no mention of the illicit relationship with his daughter. He does claim that Mackenzie was once raped at knifepoint by an unknown assailant. He also notes, shockingly enough, that Mackenzie's "house in Laurel Canyon was destroyed by fire." That, as we all know, hardly ever happens.

The year after dropping her bombshells, Mackenzie appeared on what is arguably the most appalling 'reality' show to ever hit the airwaves, *Celebrity Rehab*, in a role far removed from her glory days on a hit primetime show. That same year, sister Chynna Phillips entered rehab as well, though she was seeking relief from, uhmm, 'anxiety.'

Chynna first captured the spotlight in 1990 as 1/3 of the vocal group Wilson Phillips, alongside of Carnie and Wendy Wilson, offspring of the reclusive Brian Wilson (the only Beach Boy, by the way, to not be involved with the aforementioned Kokomo, and arguably the only really talented Beach Boy). That group though proved to be very short-lived, as did Chynna's musical career.



☆ NIGHTFLOWER'S NIGHTMARE ☆

"Mommy, lookit!"

The little girl pointed to a big broken store dummy, someone's idea of a joke. It lay a few feet away in the grass of an empty lot.

Mommy moved closer to get a better look. It was not a broken store dummy. She let out an ear-piercing scream, which her daughter will never, can never, forget. The little girl being escorted to school at 7:30 on the sunny Southern California morning of January 15, 1947, had happened on a *Grand Guignol* tableau that would give mother

and daughter nightmares forever.

The pieces, laid out for display as if by a roadside vendor, were the halves of the nude body of a young woman. It had been neatly bisected at the waist. Miss Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee. The slashed breasts were covered with cigarette burns. The mouth had been cut at the corners into a frightful leer. The victim's head had been bashed almost beyond recognition—but that wasn't the worst of it. There were mutilations all over her body, the strangest of which was a deep triangular







gouge in her thigh. The thigh had once been decorated by a rose tattoo. The autopsy revealed the hunk of tattooed flesh, where it had been occulted deep within her anatomy. Rope burns on her slim wrists and the milky white skin of her ankles indicated that she had been tightly trussed during a torture session that must have lasted three days.

The intersection of South Norton Avenue and 39th Street, in the Crenshaw area of southwest L.A., was soon crowded with cops, reporters, and the merely curious: The Black Dahlia Case was born.

The housewife who came upon the body reported seeing a light coupe cruising by, which sped off when she screamed at her grisly discovery. She could not describe the car in any detail.

When the victim's fingerprints were sent to Washington, she was identified. Her prints had originally been taken when she worked at the PX at Camp

Cooke, California, during World War II. Records at the camp yielded her mother's whereabouts—Cambridge, Massachusetts. The victim's life history slowly emerged.

Name: Elizabeth Short. Age: 22. Height: 5'5". Weight: 120 pounds. Race: Caucasian. Sex: Female. Description: Black hair, blue eyes. Distinguishing marks: Rose tattoo on left thigh.

She had been reared in Hyde Park, Massachusetts, suffered through a mundane middle-class childhood, and left for Hollywood—the Land of Milk and Honey—at eighteen. It was not long before she slid into prostitution. The last time she had been seen by anyone other than her butcher was on the night of January 10, 1947, at 10 P.M., when the doorman of the Biltmore Hotel in downtown L.A. noticed her walking south on Olive Street, clad in black sweater and slacks.

But who was the Dahlia really? It later



▲ Three faces of Elizabeth: mug shots and portrait ►





turned out that the victim's nickname had derived from her lustrous black hair, usually worn in a bouffant pompadour, and her habit of dressing in black sweaters and slacks. Her corpse when discovered, however, had *red* hair. It had been hennaed—although she had never in her life used henna—shampooed, and carefully set. She died a Scarlet Woman. The maniacal meticulousness of it all was startling. The remains had been drained of all blood and freshly washed kosher clean. The butcher was intent on making an indelible last impression.

The coroner's report was laconic. It conjectured a likely seventy-two-hour torture session, which eventually led to a methodical vivisection. After the blood had been drained, the pieces had been cleaned, and the hair shampooed, hennaed, and set, the two halves of Elizabeth Short had been deposited at 39th and Norton.

The discovery of her body set in motion the biggest LAPD crime hunt in the city's history. Two hundred and fifty officers held door-to-door investigations in the neighborhood where the corpse

had been discovered. False leads and false confessions led the cops on a number of wild goose chases.

Hollywood has been plagued by a notorious history of bizarre sex and crime stories. After forty years, the Black Dahlia case remains the most appalling of Tinseltown's murder cases. The Dahlia's connection with the movie industry was marginal, more of an unrealized dream than anything else. Like thousands of others, she had been drawn to the area "to break into movies." Her story belongs to L.A.'s Shadowland, a twilight zone haunted by the mystery of her murder to this day.

The murder of the beautiful drifter who was "offed" so horribly in 1947 has set wheels in motion in more than one sick psyche: in the years since then, more than fifty men and a passel of bulldykes have "confessed" to the vivisection.

In *True Confessions*, a movie based on John Gregory Dunne's novel of the same name, which vaguely resembled the case, the killer is eventually uncovered by policeman Robert Duvall. In reality, the Black Dahlia's murderer was never found.





highest Freemasons in Britain. Warren nevertheless made a note of the message which can be found in the files of the Public Record Office, in the section "Private Letter Book of the Metropolitan Police."

The genius, cunning and collusion exhibited in the Ripper murders would be repeated beginning in 1976 with "the Son of Sam."

Son of Uncle Sam

It was after midnight on July 29, 1976 when Mr. and Mrs. Mike Lauria returned to their apartment in the Bronx after attending a funeral. Their eighteen year old daughter Donna was sitting in the passenger side of her girlfriend Jody Valente's car, parked in front of the building where Donna lived with her parents. The women were chatting after an evening of dancing at a discotheque.

Mike reminded Donna that it was 1 a.m. and that she had to get up early for work. Donna replied that her poodle dog Beau needed to be taken for a walk. Mike said he'd bring Beau down. In the meantime Donna and Judy continued their chat. While Mr. Lauria fetched the dog, three cannon-like blasts resounded in the street.

Standing on the sidewalk just a few feet away, the killer had fired through the car window where Donna sat. She was killed instantly by a bullet in the forearm which entered her back. Jody was shot in the thigh. She would survive to give the police a description of the shooter: White male, in his 30s, short, husky and brazen: the killer had walked, not run, from the murder scene. Twelve more shootings and five deaths later, on August 10, 1977, pudgy, 24 year old David Richard Berkowitz was apprehended and charged with the spectacular "Son of Sam" serial murders, which had terrorized millions of New Yorkers for more than a year. In handcuffs he smiled for the cameras, sending a collective chill up the spine of America.

His eerie grin made the cover of *Newsweek*. ABC TV spent half

of its nationwide, evening broadcast devoted solely to the news of the capture of the Son of Sam. Berkowitz confessed. Deputy New York Police Inspector Timothy Dowd wrote "case closed" on the department's blackboard. New Yorkers breathed a sigh of relief. Berkowitz was declared guilty and sentenced. He has a steady engagement (315 years) in New York's state prison.

Another lone nut had made the case for more stringent gun control; another psycho had been caught and convicted. All the i's were dotted and the t's crossed. Or were they?

As Mr. Lauria was bounding down the stairs with Donna's poodle dog, his daughter was taking her last gulp of air courtesy of a large-bore, five shot revolver known as a *Bulldog* .44 magnum, the weapon of choice in the Sam series of murders.

Berkowitz came to be known as the Son of Sam because he claimed to have received his orders to kill from a dog named Sam. The dog was actually named Harvey and was owned by Sam Carr, Berkowitz's neighbor in Yonkers, a New York City suburb. In a classic Hollywood film, actor Jimmy Stewart claims to receive commands from an invisible creature named Harvey.

Berkowitz sacrificed a dog named *Rocket* in December of 1976 at 18 Wicker Street, Yonkers. Two days later, three German shepherds were found slain in a gutter adjacent to Wicker Street. While Berkowitz was in custody, three more German Shepherd dogs were decapitated in Yonkers. John Wheat Carr, son of Sam Carr, is alleged to have kept the ear of one of these dogs on his wall. German shepherds used to be known as police dogs. John Wheat Carr had the ear of the police from the beginning.

Several weeks after the death of John Carr a new TV program debuted on the nation's airwaves. It was called *SAM* about a dog of that name who took orders from the police.

As we have noted, most of the geomantical siting of the Temple architecture of Egypt, the Gnostics, the Masons, the Templars and the Rosicrucians is calculated to the Solstitial rising of the "Dog Star" Sirius. Sirius is the hidden supreme god of the secret societies of the West, the subject of untold centuries of veneration and sacrifice.

At the site of the April 17, 1977 Son of Sam murders of Valentina Suriani and Alexander Esau in the Bronx, the gunman

left an envelope at the crime scene addressed to Police Detective Joseph Borelli. The packet contained a letter filled with occult symbolism and mocking hints of identity, reminiscent of the anonymous Rosicrucian manifestos circulated in the 17th century.

A portion of the letter was written in an imitation of a Scottish accent: "Me hoot, it urts sonny boy" (My heart, it hurts). In late May *New York Daily News* columnist Jimmy Breslin received a letter from someone who had inside information on the "Son of Sam" murder spree. Portions of it were published in the newspaper and created a sensation, transforming New York City into a panic-filled, psychic pressure-cooker. The police attributed it to Berkowitz but a handwriting expert testified that there was no way Berkowitz could have written it:

"Hello from the gutters of N.Y.C. which are filled with dog manure, vomit, stale wine, urine and blood. Hello from the sewers of N.Y.C. which swallow up these delicacies when they are washed away by the sweeper trucks.

"Hello from the cracks in the sidewalks of N.Y.C. and from the ants that dwell in the cracks and feed on the dried blood of the dead that seep into these cracks...

"Mr. Breslin, sir don't think that because you haven't heard from me for a while that I went to sleep. No, rather I am still here. Like a spirit roaming the night. Thirsty, hungry, seldom stopping to rest; anxious to please Sam. I love my work. Now the void has been filled.

"...Remember Ms. Lauria. Thank you. In their blood and from the gutter. 'Sam's creation' .44. Here are some names to help you along. Forward them to the inspector... 'The Duke of Death.' 'The Wicked King Wicker'... 'John Wheaties-Rapist and Suffocater of Young Girls...'"

A popular 1973 film entitled *The Wicker Man*, is set on a Scottish island where a policeman investigates an occult group involved in pagan ritual sacrifice to an effigy of the demon entity, King Wicker.

In April of 1977, during the height of the Sam murders, "by coincidence," *The Wicker Man* movie was rerun at a Manhattan theater. The word wicker has many denotations and connotations one of which is "to bend," as in the "bending" of reality. It is

also connected to witchcraft through its derivative, wicca.

The Sam Carr family ran a telephone answering service in Yonkers, not far from where David Berkowitz lived. Wheat Carr was Sam's daughter. She handled police dispatches as part of the family's telephone service chores. Michael and John Wheat were Sam's sons.

John was stationed as a sergeant in the air force at the U.S. base in Minot, North Dakota. Like one of David Berkowitz's attorneys, Leon Stern, John Wheat Carr was shot to death. In addition to "Wicker," one of the other names that had been signed in the letter to Jimmy Breslin was, "John Wheaties--Rapist and Suffocater of Young Girls."

Michael Carr died in an automobile accident, allegedly after his car's mechanical parts had been tampered with.

In pagan times, human sacrifices were sometimes offered to the goddess Ceres, the deity of grain. John Wheat Carr was killed in Minot, which in French is a unit of measurement of grain, as in a *minot* of wheat.

The handwritten letter to Jimmy Breslin which was published in part in the *New York Daily News*, has been definitely confirmed as coming from someone implicated in the Son of Sam murders. The police said Berkowitz wrote it. Handwriting authority Charles Hamilton insists it is not Berkowitz's writing.

At the bottom of the letter, beneath the words "Son of Sam," is a rendering of an occult sigil created by one of the most famous Black magicians of the 19th century, the Frenchman Eliphas Levi. Levi, whose real name was Alphonse-Louis Constant, called himself Eliphas as a play on the Latin word for elephant, *elephas*, whose demon familiar is supposed to be the "Behemoth." In the April, 1977 letter found at the site of the Suriani-Esau murders, the killer wrote, "I am the 'monster'--'Beelzebub'--the 'Chubby Behemoth.'"

A little over two months later, on June 25, Judy Placido and Salvatore Lupo danced the night away at the popular Elephas Disco, located in the Bayside section of Queens. After Elephas closed for the night, they sat in a friend's car in the Elephas parking lot. Son of Sam was there too. Three shots were fired, hitting Placido in the neck and shoulder and grazing her head. Lupo was slightly injured by flying glass. Placido had the good

luck to recover from her wounds.

Further research into the 19th century drawings of Eliphas Levy has turned up an elaborate, medallion-like sigil containing the words "Berkaial" and Sam Car written backwards: Amasarac (a/sam/a/car). Levy's sigil was drawn more than a century ago!

The Gannett-Westchester newspaper reporter who covered the Son of Sam case and wrote a book about it was John Wheat Carr's best friend in high school, Maury Terry. Terry never told his newspaper readers about his relationship with one of the key suspects in the Sam case. He later explained that he had forgotten that he and Carr had been friends.

New York police commanders and detectives and even a child-molesting district attorney were involved in the Son of Sam cult and/or its cover-up. The cult leads to the highest levels of U.S. officialdom. Witnesses to Son of Sam murders such as Tom Zaino and Cacilia Davis, who gave descriptions of the gunman and other details at variance with the script of one pat description and one lone gunman, and who were supposedly under "police protection," had their identities leaked to the news media by the police, placing their lives in jeopardy and potentially intimidating them from testifying.

When Berkowitz left behind a long list of phone numbers in his Yonkers apartment of people "in high places" linked to the Son of Sam murders, those telephone numbers were never officially investigated by any police agency; at least not for the record.

Berkowitz had no trial, only a sentencing. He was never interrogated. Detectives chatted with him for thirty minutes, *off the record*. Psychiatrists assigned to Berkowitz never asked him if anyone else was involved in the crimes. When queried in prison if *anyone* in an official capacity had ever once asked Berkowitz if others were involved, he replied, "I don't think so." NYPD Commander Michael Dowd closed the case and the investigation on the night of Berkowitz's arrest; the night the investigation should have begun in earnest.

The media cooperated fully at the time, never questioning a single aspect of the infallible presentation of Berkowitz as the lone nut.

The Black Arts adepts who wear police badges, occupy judge's

seats and media editor's desks are not simply "crazed" nor are such intensely publicized ritual murders merely superstitious sacrifices to some kooky devil-god. The Son of Sam murders were a brilliantly orchestrated ritual whose ceremonial aspects were as precise and detailed as the internal workings of a clock.

This theater of death began as a ritual for the cult-members themselves and ended as a giant magical ceremony for the processing of the entire nation, because in the worldwide broadcast of the Son of Sam murders was also broadcast the magical symbols of the "Wicker Man" and of Eliphas Levy (see for example *Newsweek*, Aug. 22, 1977, p. 19).

This is the alchemical psychodrama for the transformation of humanity. We are processed just by reading or watching "the news," associating death and terror, power and potency, with an old demonic symbol by a 19th century adept of Black magic whose illustration of the hermaphroditic demon of the Knights Templars, Baphomet, is perhaps the most widely recognized occult symbol in modern history.

Readers of the *New York Daily News* learned to associate "The Wicked King of Wicker" with murder and terror. At the thought of King Wicker, millions felt fear. This fear was imprinted on their minds. This is the same control process hundreds of peasants were put through a thousand years ago while standing in front of a giant wicker effigy, inside of which was caged a doomed human sacrifice destined for burning.

The only difference is that the peasants knew that their leaders wanted them to fear an occult image. Modern people imbibe occult fear-technology while imagining that there is no such thing. The imprint's impact is doubled when veiled under such ignorance.

Those who think ritual has no power to significantly alter behavior have not studied Catholicism closely. One of the most influential liturgical rites in the history of Christendom was the Tridentine Latin mass. By requiring attendance at the Latin mass every Sunday, on pain of mortal sin, Rome converted almost the whole of Europe to Catholicism.

The occult cryptocracy has a much more refined inducement for attendance at their masonic ritual: spectacular optical. Few need to be induced to watch TV or read a sensational, mass

market picture magazine or newspaper. In fact, we pay to do so.

Of course, many serial murders are nothing more than the work of a single individual acting out a graphic horror movie he saw, or responding to powerful "psychotic" impulses for aggression and predation. But many other serial murders involve a cult protected by the U.S. government and the corporate media, with strong ties to the police.

These murders are actually intricately choreographed rituals; performed first on a very intimate and secret scale, among the initiates themselves in order to program them, then on a grand scale, amplified incalculably by the electronic media.

In the end what we have is a highly symbolic, ritual working broadcast to millions of people, a Satanic inversion; a *Black mass*, where the "pews" are filled by the entire nation and through which humanity is paganized, brutalized and debased in this, the "Nigredo" phase of the alchemical process.

The French adept Antonin Artaud, architect of the theory of the "Theater of Cruelty" with its transformative power, and the inspiration for the extreme sex-and-death media of our time, had this to say about the processing of the 'Group Mind':

"Aside from trifling witchcraft of country sorcerers, there are tricks of global hoodoo in which all alerted consciousnesses participate periodically...That is how strange forces are aroused and transported to the astral vault, to that dark dome which is composed above all of...the poisonous aggressiveness of the evil minds of most people...the formidable tentacular oppression of a kind of civic magic which will soon appear undisguised."

The issue of controlling humanity with esoteric words and symbols encoded within a play, a media spectacular or a ritual is one of the most difficult for people to comprehend. That is why most people are viewed with utter contempt as "cowans," "the profane," the "gentiles" and the "goyim" (cattle) by secret society initiates.

"I think we are farmed," Charles Fort said of humanity. It was Fort who also suggested that man deliberately invented the dogma of materialism in order to shield himself from the evidence of what was being done to him by means of psycho-spiritual warfare methods hyped by "coincidence," symbolism

and ritual.

The closer a researcher gets to the Son of Sam case, the more one sees an elaborate ritual. It began in Untermyer Park in North Yonkers, New York. In 1903, a reputed Satanist of considerable wealth, Samuel Untermyer, created a fantasy in stone and statuary brought from Europe, on the site of part of the water system for New York City, the Yonkers aqueduct, an area which was also honeycombed with a warren of tunnels leading to the aqueduct; a subterranean world that ran for miles.

A little over seventy years later the Son of Sam cult held their first rituals in Untermyer Park, in front of crumbling columns, decaying buildings and fright masks carved in stone. Planning for the murders occurred in a fire-charred abandoned mansion which had once belonged to the estate of the Warburg-Rothschild family in Greenburgh, New York.

Terry Patterson, an army buddy of Berkowitz, stated that when Berkowitz said he was the Son of Sam he was trying to say he was the Son of Uncle Sam; a creation of certain elements in the U.S. government. Berkowitz was raised from birth to serve a role in the Son of Sam psychodrama. His real name was not David Berkowitz but Richard David Falco; at least that's what his birth certificate said. But actually, that's not his real identity either.

The media claimed Berkowitz was an Italian raised by adoptive parents, Nathan and Pearl Berkowitz. But in truth his real mother was a Jewish lady, Betty Broder Falco. Her Italian husband was long gone by the time she conceived Richard David in a lover's lane tryst with a married man, Jewish businessman Joseph Klineman.

Broder turned Richard David Klineman-Falco over to Nathan and Pearl Berkowitz and he became David Richard Berkowitz.

Berkowitz joined the New York police as an auxiliary. According to retired NYPD detective Sgt. Joseph Coffey, a letter sent to Berkowitz from Police Commissioner Michael Codd, while Berkowitz was a policeman, was ordered destroyed. Sgt. Coffey says he was the one who carried out the order. (Former NYPD Detective Henry Cinotti, a devout Catholic, was the first to go public with evidence and information pointing to a conspiracy behind the supposedly open-and-shut Son of Sam

case).

David Berkowitz joined the U.S. Army, entering a special program for "profiled" candidates. Drugs were administered. After the army he associated with a Judeo-Christian, Fundamentalist street-preaching group in Kentucky. (After his arrest, the police put him in daily contact with a Fundamentalist lady who helped persuade him to forego the "technicality" of a trial).

After Kentucky he returned to New York and sought out his real mother. This was his final attempt to be tender or human. He was fed her identity and address. He sent her cards. They met. Now came the revelation of the method, for the mass psychology of the masonic cryptocracy is also wielded on an individual level. Now came the initiatory shock of a lifetime; the final brutalization necessary to make Berkowitz go "beyond good and evil," beyond duality to possess the "vision" of the Eye-in-the-Triangle.

What she told him must have been far from pleasant since he was the Son of Uncle Sam *and* he was Rosemary's baby. A letter by Berkowitz which was suppressed for four years by the New York City police department states, "I David Berkowitz have been chosen since birth, to be one of the executioners of the cult."

He worked as a security guard, then for the U.S. postal service. He made the cult. He had girls, prestige and knowledge of secret things. He had blood on his hands too. The blood of "fair game."

The Son of Sam rites are memory theater mystery plays. Son of Sam is on par with the Jack the Ripper masonic ceremony and the killing of the King of Camelot in Dallas as a mass psychology imprint of some virtuosity. This was their idea of a black joke on that particularly virulent species of fool, *Boobus Americanus*.

The Carr family was given the reward money offered by the *NY Daily News* for the apprehension of Sam.

This writer regards Son of Sam cultists Michael and John Carr as strong suspects in the highly-symbolical "Double Initial" murders of children in Rochester, New York; a highly charged occult series with a connection to the U.S. Secret Service and Hillside Strangler Kenneth Bianchi, formerly of

Rochester.

According to information published in the *Rochester Times-Union*, the Secret Service, for no discernible reason, was present in the vicinity of the home of the first "Double Initial" murder victim, Carmen Colon, *before* she was murdered.

This presence--never officially accounted for in this still unsolved murder-series--is reminiscent of a macabre execution in Houston, Texas in 1983. United Press International reported that two Secret Service agents watched the shooting of Gregory D. Chafin and did nothing to prevent it or apprehend the killer. Viewing this crime from another angle, we might speculate that the Secret Service was somehow possibly even supervising this murder.

The presence of the Secret Service agents in the neighborhood of Carmen Colon in Rochester in advance of her death, is justifiably suspicious given the depth of police coverup of leads in those Double Initial slayings of which her murder was a part. Son of Sam cult members John and Michael Carr and Hillside Strangler Kenneth Bianchi--all of whom were in the region at the time--were all protected by the police from interrogation in these crimes, even after a retired Rochester policewoman linked Bianchi with the Double Initial serial murders.

Maury Terry, in his book *The Ultimate Evil*, places Michael Carr in Rochester during the Double Initial murders and cites Michael's brother, alleged Son of Sam killer John "Wheaties" Carr, as a man who dated thirteen year old girls and who was known in the Sam cult as a rapist and suffocater of young girls. But Terry never once suggests any possible link to Double Initial which involved the rape and murder of four girls and about which this writer informed Terry in correspondence in 1979.

Terry, on p. 455 of his book, in what may be a macabre hint of his own, says--apropos of nothing--that he has his "eye" on the Hillside Strangler file. Indeed. That file leads to Kenneth Bianchi of Rochester, N.Y., and Kenneth Bianchi leads to the Double Initial occult ritual murders in Rochester, a case severely obstructed by police coverup. Terry's book contains both genuine information as well as a farrago of uninformed speculation and even deliberate disinformation.

The Videodrome

Some of the Son of Sam murders were videotaped by cult-members and copies command high prices in cash, drugs and other commodities on the underground snuff-film circuit. A fellow researcher in Los Angeles has informed this writer that a man supposedly claiming to represent author Maury Terry in California, was offering to trade a copy of another murder video, the Leonard Lake-Charles Ng sex-torture videos, to a contact in the occult underground. (For a depiction of snuff-filmed murder see Brent Easton Ellis, *Less Than Zero*).

It was the police who seized those videos after Lake, the alleged "Keeper of the Unicorn" for the Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Circus (see *USA Today*, June 12, 1985), committed suicide and his accomplice Ng fled. So, if these allegations are true, who is making copies and feeding them to the snuff-film underground in the U.S. in return for money, drugs and information? Who would be in a position to offer the Lake-Ng videotapes?

I have linked the symbolism of the Jack the Ripper and Son of Sam murders to the occult and to the police. I have linked the symbols to terror, that is, the induction of terror into the mass mind of Americans in association with certain key-words and key-symbols or "sigils." The induction of terror in connection with control-symbols is the most efficacious means of ensuring a brain-dead and mind-controlled, subject population.

Joyce Maynard states: "No villain is more frightening than the one you supposed to be your friend." Since childhood we are told, "The policeman is your friend."

There is only one level of terror more mind-numbing than the one Joyce Maynard elucidates and that involves an operation wherein a friend may not only be an enemy, but actually dares to intentionally drop clues as to his real identity. There were a surfeit of such clues deliberately offered by the murderers themselves in the Son of Sam case. Any honest leadership of a police force and any genuinely independent media could have detected the murderers' identities and organization without much delay or difficulty. But that was not the way the script had been written.

Now with the trail cold and indictments unlikely, any official media exposure of the facts behind the coverup, coming decades

later, might only serve the alchemical process, by publicizing the prowess and increasing the reputation of an underground of cultists about whom an aura of invincibility is manufactured.

None of this ought to be too shocking to any American TV watcher since a version of this process can be seen in those glimpses of actual murders and other horrors we are shown on broadcast TV, on "the news" and in "specials," right in the "Videodrome." Simulated snuff-videos are already available at many of our cheery neighborhood video-rental stores. Cable and network television broadcast the highest grade of brutalizing voyeurism.

The Angel of Light

Many of the Judeo-Christian "Satan-hunters" and "Satan fighters" are part of the problem, not the solution. They have blind faith in the police, the military and the government. They have no concept of the fact that Freemasonry and Satanism are sometimes controlled and staffed by elements within the police and the government.

They see the world through the eyes of the rulers of the System. They remind me of the story St. Augustine told of a pirate who was confronted by that mighty conqueror, Alexander the Great.

"How dare you molest the sea?" Alexander angrily asked the pirate.

"How dare you molest the whole world?" the pirate replied. "Because I do it with only a little ship, I am called a thief. You doing it with a great navy are called an emperor."

Many "Satan-hunters" and "occult investigators" imagine that the "Mark of the Beast" is far off in the future somewhere, when in fact without a government-issued "Social Security" number, it is nearly impossible to open a checking or savings account or obtain a business license. In other words, without a Social Security number, we have almost reached the point where one cannot "buy or sell," as it says in Revelation 13:17. But many of the supposed occult-watchers are oblivious.

These same investigators repeatedly ignore and even minimize the Skull and Bones Society of George Bush and the Freemasonry of some of the very policemen who lecture at schools on the occult.



Robert de Grimston, leader of The Process

THE TIME OF THE END IS NOW: *Texts from The Process*

The Process Church of the Final Judgment was formed in 1964 by Robert de Grimston after becoming a "clear" and breaking away from the Church of Scientology. Its Manichean outlook went further than medieval dualistic philosophies. Processians taught that through love, Christ and Satan have destroyed their enmity and have come together for the end—Christ to judge and Satan to execute judgment. They felt that members of the Process would lead the New Age after a Revelation-style apocalyptic period when Christ and Satan would finally be reconciled. Since 1974, a faction broke with de Grimston, calling themselves the Foundation Faith of the Millennium. The leaders of this faction, Christopher de Peyer and Peter McCormick claim an estimated 20,000 hardcore members. Says *Larson's Book of Cults*, "Foundation advocates certainly seem more palatable since they no longer publicly promote the Christ/Satan reconciliation theory. But they have not abandoned their basic belief in a coming Messiah. Bible students are left to wonder whether such a person might well be the Antichrist..." The Process is now seen to be a formative influence in the philosophy of Charles Manson as well as the contemporary occult groups in London, such as Temple ov Psychick Youth. The following selections are culled from early Process literature and have been collected together by Boyd Rice.



"If a man asks: What is The Process? Say to him: It is The End, the final ending of the world of men. It is the agent of The End, the instrument of The End, and the inexorable Power of The End."

(From Process Scripture)



"My prophecy upon this wasted earth and upon the corrupt creation that squats on its ruined surface is: THOU SHALT KILL!"

(From *Jehovah on War*)



"The lamb and the goat must come together. Pure love descended from the pinnacle of heaven, united with pure hatred raised from the depths of hell."

(From the *Fear* Issue of The Process Magazine, Summer, 1969)



"Release the Fiend that lies dormant within you, for he is strong and

ruthless, and his power is far beyond the bounds of human frailty.

"Come forth in your savage might, rampant with the lust of battle, tense and quivering with the urge to strike, to smash, to split asunder all that seek to detain you. And cast your eye upon the land before you. Choose what road of slaughter and violation you will follow. Then stride out upon the land and amongst the people.

"Rape with the crushing force of your virility; kill with the devastating precision of your sword arm; maim with the ingenuity of your pitiless cruelty; destroy with the overpowering fury of your bestial strength; lay waste with the all-encompassing majesty of your power...

"For the world can be yours, and the blood of men can be yours to spill as you please. And you can have the pleasure of the world through violence and the wielding of the sword. And your lust can stride upon the face of the land, taking whatever it desires, and discarding the empty husks when you've sucked them dry."

(From *Satan On War*)



"... Humanity is mean and corrupt, a liar blinded by its own deception, yet cunning within the confines of its ignorance. And humanity is weak, and yet strong in its weakness, for humanity by its cunning can suck the strength from the truly strong and bring them down with it. And humanity breeds death, the death of the soul, and gives life to the torturous conflicts of the mind in which the soul has trapped itself. And humanity sustains whomever will maintain the corruption and decay which are its life blood. And humanity destroys all that promises to bring the spirit of purity and oust corruption. And humanity charms with a sweet facade which hides a treacherous heart. And humanity talks of love, and leaves the scars of hatred in its wake. And humanity cries peace, and brings war. And humanity speaks of glory and a magnificent destiny, and leads deeper into death and degradation. And humanity is brimful of promises and so-called good intentions, yet behind it is a trail of abject failure and betrayal. And humanity is afraid for it and is steeped in evil.

"And as with all things, by its fruit shall we know humanity. And humanity's fruits are foul, bruised and bitter, and rotten to the core. And humanity's home is the earth, and the earth is Hell.

"Now there is nothing more evil in the universe than man.

"His world is Hell, and he himself the Devil."

(From *Humanity is the Devil*, May 1968)





**The true origin of Garbage Pail Kids
(below)**



INFERNAL TEXTS

Something As It Really Is

Mel Lyman

I am going to burn down the world
 I am going to tear down everything
 that cannot stand alone
 I am going to turn ideals to shit
 I am going to shove hope up your ass
 I am going to reduce everything
 that stands to rubble
 And then I am going to burn the rubble
 And then I am going to scatter the ashes
 And then maybe someone will be able to see
 Something as it really is

↔ ↑ ↔ ↑ ✕

Full Stop for an Infernal Planet

Louis Wolfson

If you consider that around three thousand years ago our poor planet was infected with only fifty million copies (while, certainly, a single specimen would already have been too many) of the unfortunate human species; if you imagine having had at that time a pile of good H-bombs at your disposal and having used them to crumble the crust of this damned planet Earth and possibly to convert it into a second chain of asteroids, a first large ring of such little celestial bodies being located between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter; and if you consider then what a litany of unspeakable horrors which still continue and are synonymous with humanity would not have occurred ...!! What philosopher would have dreamed, thirty-five years ago, of thus attacking the so sick matter which we all are? What philanthropist? What man of good will?

But now we absolutely must not miss the chance—and to have such a chance is too good to be true—finally to bring to an end at last this infamous litany of abominations that we all are (collectively and individually); and I mean by that, obviously, in a complete atomic-nuclear way! The tragedy, the true catastrophe—is that humanity continues ... while the divine benediction would be qualified as thermonuclear or some equivalent thereof. Not to be of this opinion is to be selfish, criminal, monstrous, if not stark mad.



The Importance of Killing

Dan Burros

Man is a killing organism! He must kill to survive! He must kill to advance! Let us show them who is the natural elite! Who is the world's greatest killer! White Man! Unsheath your terrible sword! Slay your enemies! Kill! Kill! Kill!



A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful

Edmund Burke

No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear; for fear being an apprehension of pain or death, it operates in a manner that resembles actual pain. Whatever is terrible, therefore, with regard to sight, is sublime, too.



The Lightning and the Sun

Savitri Devi

This is the age in which our triumphant Democrats and our hopeful Communists boast of "slow but steady progress through science and education." Thanks very much for such "progress!" The very sight of it is enough to confirm *us* in our belief in the immemorial cyclic theory of history, illustrated by the myths of all ancient, natural religions (including that one from which the Jews—and, through them, their disciples, the Christians—borrowed the symbolical story of the Garden of Eden; Perfection at the *beginning* of Time.) It impresses upon us the fact that human history, far from being a steady ascension towards the better, is an increasingly hopeless process of bastardization, emasculation and demoralisation of mankind; an inexorable "fall." It rouses in us the yearning to see the end—the final crash that will push into oblivion both those worthless "isms" that are the product of decay of thought and of character, and the no less worthless religions of equality which have slowly prepared the ground for them; the coming of Kalki, the divine Destroyer of evil; the dawn of a new Cycle opening, as all time-cycles ever did, with a "Golden Age."

Never mind how bloody the final crash may be! Never mind what old treasures may perish for ever in the redeeming conflagration! The sooner it

comes the better. We are waiting for it—and for the following glory—confident in the divinely established cyclic Law that governs all manifestations of existence in Time: the law of Eternal Return. We are waiting for it, and for the subsequent triumph of the Truth persecuted today; for the triumph under whatever name, of the only faith in harmony with the everlasting laws of being; of the only modern “ism” which is anything but “modern,” being just the latest expression of principles as old as the Sun; the triumph of all those men who, throughout the centuries *and* today, have never lost the vision of the everlasting Order, decreed by the Sun, and who have fought in a selfless spirit to impress that vision upon others. We are waiting for the glorious restoration, this time, on a world-wide scale, of the New Order, projection in time, in the next, as in every recurring “Golden Age,” of the everlasting Order of the Cosmos.



Text from the Temple ov Psychick Youth

Genesis P-Orridge

THE TEMPLE STANDS ALONE. IT IS SEPARATED BY A GULF OV SELF OVERCOMING. THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WITH THE COURAGE TO STRANGLE FATE AND CONCEIVE THEIR OWN DESTINY IRRESPECTIVE OV THE DEMANDS OV THE SLAVE GOD MORALITY. WE BOW TO ONLY OURSELVES. WE REGARD ONLY OUR EQUALS AS EQUALS. WE HAVE NEITHER PITY NOR CONTEMPT FOR THOSE WHO ARE UNABLE TO PUSH THEMSELVES EVER FORWARD. ALL SITUATIONS LEADING TO CONTENTMENT ARE TO BE ANNIHILATED. ALL JOYS ARE TO BE INFLAMED UNTIL THEY BECOM ECTASY. THE ONLY THING OV WHICH WE ARE CERTAIN IS UNCERTAINTY, AND IN THIS LIES OUR STRENGTH. ARE YOU SATISFIED? THEN BE ASHAMED. AT LEAST HAVE THE COURAGE TO DESPAIR OF YOURSELF. THERE IS A LONG WAY TO TRAVEL. ARE YOU READY? THERE ARE MANY WOUNDS TO RECEIVE. ARE YOU READY? CAN YOU FACE UP TO YOURSELF? CRUMBLE YOURSELF BETWEEN YOUR FINGERS. DO YOU WATCH QUIETLY WHILST THEY DIG YOUR GRAVE? ARE YOU THERE WITH SPADE AND SHROUD, DO YOU DANCE FOR THEIR CACKLE? MACHINES AND MACHINED. WHEN HE CALLED ME FROM THERE ABOVE, I HAD NO VOICE OR WORD TO SAY YES TO HIM SO I SPOKE YES. IT'S AN IRRITATION THIS ROAD, CLIPPED BETWEEN HERE AND HERE. SMACK ON THE WRIST, GUN TO THE BALLS, TRAILERS AND CANNISTERS AT THE READY. I AM FEELING COLD INSIDE. I'M LOOKING

42 APOCALYPSE CULTURE

FOR FIRE. I FOUND IT CRAWLING DOWN THE WALLS OV THE
ABYSS, IN THE BARK OV THE TREE. IN THE BLOOD ON MI
MOUTH, IN THE SCAB ON MI EYE. I'M STILL BLEEDING. EVEN
NOW.



should wear the cloak of the beast.” There seems to have been a lot of that going around. L. Ron, Jr. has also said that the “one super-secret sentence that Scientology is built on is: ‘Do as thou wilt.’”

In the early 1960s, two ranking members of the Church of Scientology—Robert Moore and Mary Anne MacLean, better known as the DeGrimstons—split off from London’s Hubbard Institute to form the Process Church of the Final Judgment²⁰—a group whose official logo is a modified swastika and whose literature included glowing tributes to Nazism, Satan, gore and necrophilia. The group’s bookstore reportedly stocked titles on topics such as Hitler, organized crime, hypnosis, brainwashing, and the occult. Moore, a former cavalry officer and the grandson of a British vicar, and MacLean, a one-time prostitute who was connected to the Profumo scandal and who reportedly believes that she is the reincarnation of Nazi propagandist Josef Goebbels, first left London with their followers just after the summer solstice of 1966, arriving first in Nassau and then in Xtul, Mexico. They were soon back in London.

By 1967, they had arrived in the States, first setting up shop in New Orleans’ French Quarter, where the organization was formally incorporated with the assistance of a former lawyer for the Catholic Church. In March 1968, the group moved their base of operations to San Francisco, taking up residence not far from LaVey’s Church of Satan and various other occult groups, including a branch of the OTO. Recruiters for the group had been in the Bay area since the 1967 ‘Summer of Love,’ signing on such members as ‘Brother Ely,’ a member of the Gypsy Jokers biker gang whose home/Process Church temple was located just two blocks away from the home of the Manson Family. From its inception, the Process made no effort to hide its infatuation with death, destruction and cultural terrorism. In the essay *Jehovah on War*, Moore commanded his followers: “THOU SHALT KILL.” Another essay that appeared in the official Process publication urged readers to experience the pleasures of grave robbing and necrophilia. A rant in the “Death” issue was penned by a recent transplant to the Bay area by the name of Charles Manson.

Also by 1967, the Process had already spawned at least one spin-off, probably from the group’s inner circle, reportedly known as ‘The Omega.’ The spin-off has

20 A February 2004 report from Denver’s *Rocky Mountain News* revealed that the Process Church is alive and well today after a series of name changes (Lou Kilzer “Friends Find Their Calling,” February 28, 2004). The group first became The Foundation—Church of the Millennium, then The Foundation Faith of God, then the Best Friends Animal Sanctuary, and finally the Best Friends Animal Society, which has its headquarters on a compound in the Utah desert. The group, which still includes many original members, is now known to rub shoulders with various Hollywood celebrities.